



THE

Tattler

& Bystander

2s.6d. weekly

1 Nov. 1961

WINTER SPORTS
AND
SPRING CRUISES



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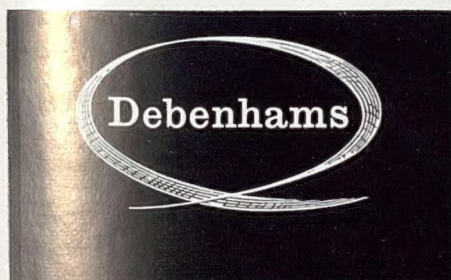
(Far left)

Newest line from Paris, a cone hat in stitched velvet with a swathe of Persian Lamb.

(Left)

High-crowned beret in soft Nutria.

Fur
topmost
at



(Left)

Cossack hat in Mink with a stitched material crown.

(Above)

Soft fur berets were featured by many of the Houses in Paris this season; here we show a striking example in Ocelot.

Model Millinery — First Floor

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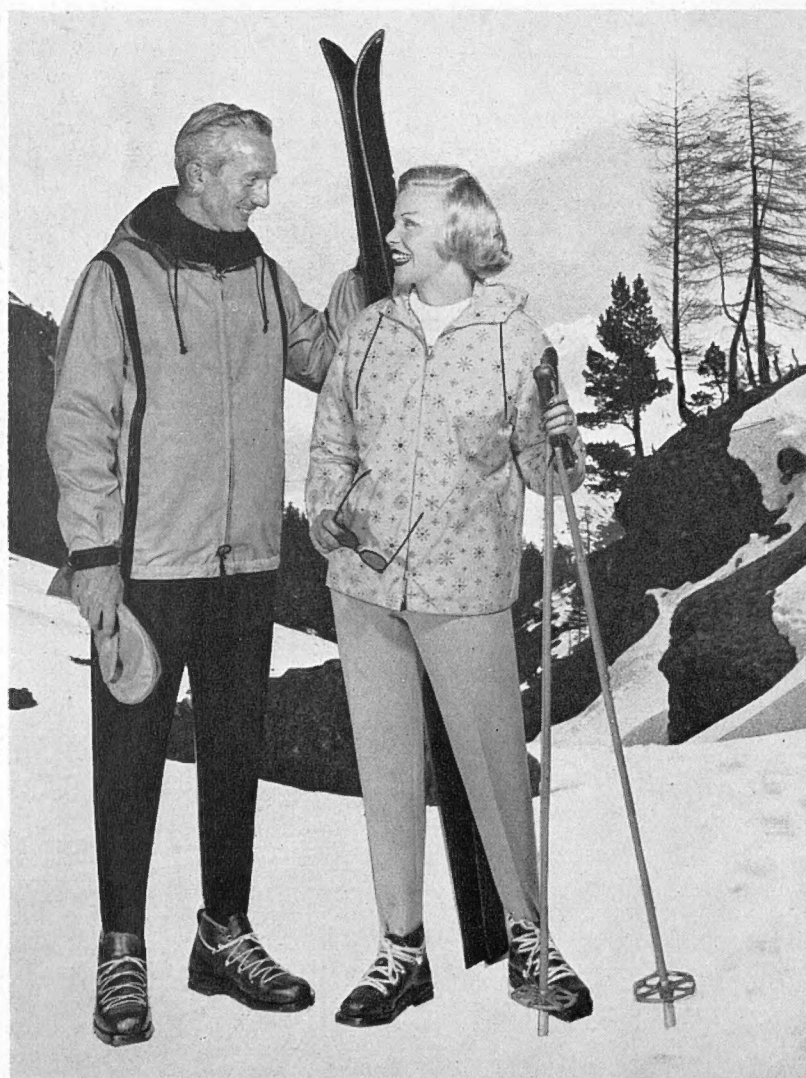
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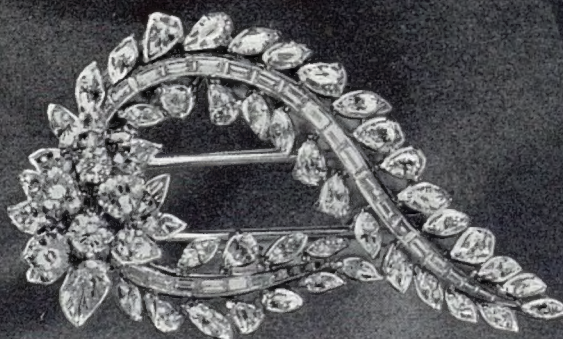
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THE Tatler

AND BYSTANDER

2s 6d WEEKLY

1 NOVEMBER 1961

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For a Tatler with two faces—for sun and for snow—a cover girl in Jaeger's proofed poplin anorak with attached hood. In kingfisher blue piped white, it reverses to white piped blue, price 8½ gns. Matching Helanca and nylon pants: 9 gns. Both from Jaeger, Regent St.; Young Jaeger Shop, Sloane St., Manchester & Liverpool. In the background one of Herman Geiger's mountain rescue planes (see also page 337). For Spring Sunshine see page 329. Cover by Vernon Stratton



Featherlight bootees for l'après ski, fashioned to cling smoothly as a glove, in peach-soft suede. Elegant back fastenings preserve the simple, moulded line.

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Fashions by Susan Small—Slacks by Pantelles

Slimmest fashions begin with Slender X

Step into this new long legged pantee by Silhouette and you'll look sleek in the slimmest sheath dress or the closest fitting slacks. For Slender X not only controls the tummy, hips and seat superbly, it moulds the thighs in a long, smooth slender line. Yet comfort isn't sacrificed or freedom restricted. The unique Silhouette 'X' panels

see to that. Slender X has a downstretch batiste back panel. Suspenders can be adjusted and are detachable, as is the crotch. Seams are bound with soft Banlon elastic and the garment is made in Heathcoat's power-elastic net with Bri-Nylon. Trimmed with silver Lurex. In white or black. Sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. 79/6.



Corsets Silhouette Ltd., 84 Baker Street, London, W.1

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Field Trials of the International Gundog League, at Mr. O. V. Watney's estate, Charlby, Oxon. Today & tomorrow.

Ladies' Kennel Association Championships, Olympia, 2 November.

Drury Lane Gala Matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing, with Margot Fonteyn & other international ballet stars. 3 p.m., 2 November. (Tickets, Webster & Girling, WEL 6666.)

Lord's Taverners Ball, Grosvenor House, 8 November. (Mr. Rayfield, MAY 0788.)

500 Ball at Claridge's in aid of the British Rheumatism Association, 9 November. (Tickets, £3 3s. inc. dinner, from the Hon. Organizer, 11 Beaumont St., W.1; WEL 9905.)

Royal Variety Performance, Prince of Wales Theatre, in aid of the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund, 8 p.m., 9 November, in the presence of the Queen Mother.

Men of the Year Luncheon, Savoy, 10 November, in aid of the British Council for Rehabilitation of the Disabled. (Tickets, £3 15s., from Hon. Luncheon Sec., 79 Mount St., W.1; GRO 3153.)

Aldershot Beagles Autumn Ball, 10 November. (Tickets, Brig. A. H. G. Fortescue, Commandant,

Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot.)

New Forest Hunt Ball, New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst, 10 November.
Lord Mayor's Show, 11 November.
International Ball, the Dorchester, in aid of the United Nations Association, 15 November. (Tickets, £3 3s., inc. dinner, from Mrs. Ronald Bowes Lyon, 25 Charles St., W.1; GRO 2784.)

Fairs & Bazaars: Autumn Fair, in aid of the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation, Londonderry House, 11.30 a.m.-7 p.m. today; **Harvest Bazaar**, sponsored by the American Women's Club, May Fair Hotel, 11.30 a.m.-5 p.m., 6 November. (KNI 6970); **Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair**, Chelsea Town Hall, 8 & 9 November. (Inquiries, Fair Organizer, 108 Baker St., W.1); **United Charities Fair**, Grosvenor House, 13 November; **Westminster Red Cross Christmas Fair**, Rootes Showrooms, Piccadilly, 13 November; **War-Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exhibition & Sale of Work**, 122 Brompton Rd., 7-18 November. (HUN 9974); **Flying Angel Fair**, Londonderry House, in aid of Missions to Seamen, 16 November; **Park Lane Fair**, Londonderry House, in aid of the Forces Help Society, and Lord Roberts Workshops, 21 November. (HUN 9974); **Victoria League Christmas Market**, Victoria League House, 23 November. (Col. E. G. H. Clarke, BEL 7271.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat racing: Birmingham today; Liverpool, 2, 3, 4; Windsor, 3, 4; Leicester, 6; Newbury, 8, 9; Manchester, 9-11 (November H'cap, 11); Lingfield Park, 10 November. End of flat racing season.

Steeplechases: Birmingham, today; Hereford, Wincanton, 2; Liverpool, 2-4; Catterick Bridge, Taunton, Worcester, 4; Fontwell Park, 6; Newbury, 8, 9 November.

RUGBY

Third Test Match, Gt. Britain v. New Zealand, Swinton, Lancs, 4 November.



Erich Auerbach

Michael Tippett, who conducts his *Divertimento* on Sellinger's Round in a concert by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and Chorus at the Royal Festival Hall tonight. The concert also includes a Beethoven piano concerto and part of Schumann's *Faust*, conducted by Rudolf Schwarz.

MOTORING

R.A.C. Veteran Car Run, London-Brighton, 5 November.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Der Freischütz*, 3, 7, 11 November (last perfs.); *Fidelio*, 6, 10 November; 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 2 November; *Les Patineurs*, *Giselle*, 4 November; *The Sleeping Beauty*, 8, 9 November. 7.30 p.m. Matinée: *Antigone*, *Symphonic Variations*, *The Firebird*, 2.15 p.m., 4 November.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Tosca*, tonight; *The Nightingale* and *Oedipus Rex*, 2 November; *The Barber Of Seville*, 3 November; *Rigoletto*, 4, 8 November, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Albert Hall, Royal Choral Society in Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, and Honegger's *King David*, 7 November.

ART

Epstein Memorial Exhibition, Tate Gallery, 3 November, 7 December.
Bührle Collection paintings, National Gallery, to 5 November.

R.A. Schools Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, 7-25 November.

FIRST NIGHTS

Wyndham's Theatre. *Heartbreak House*, tonight.

New Theatre, Oxford. *Critic's Choice*. 6 November.

Old Vic. *The Oresteia*, 7 November.

Mermaid Theatre. *The Long Sunset*, 7 November.

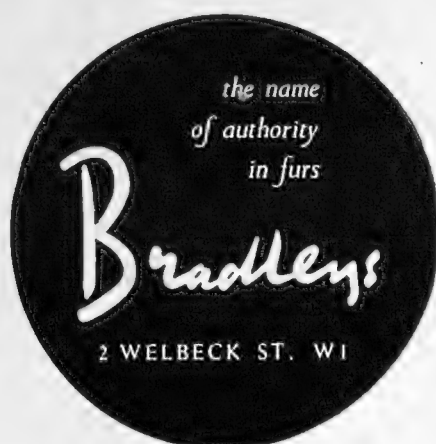
BRIGGS by Graham

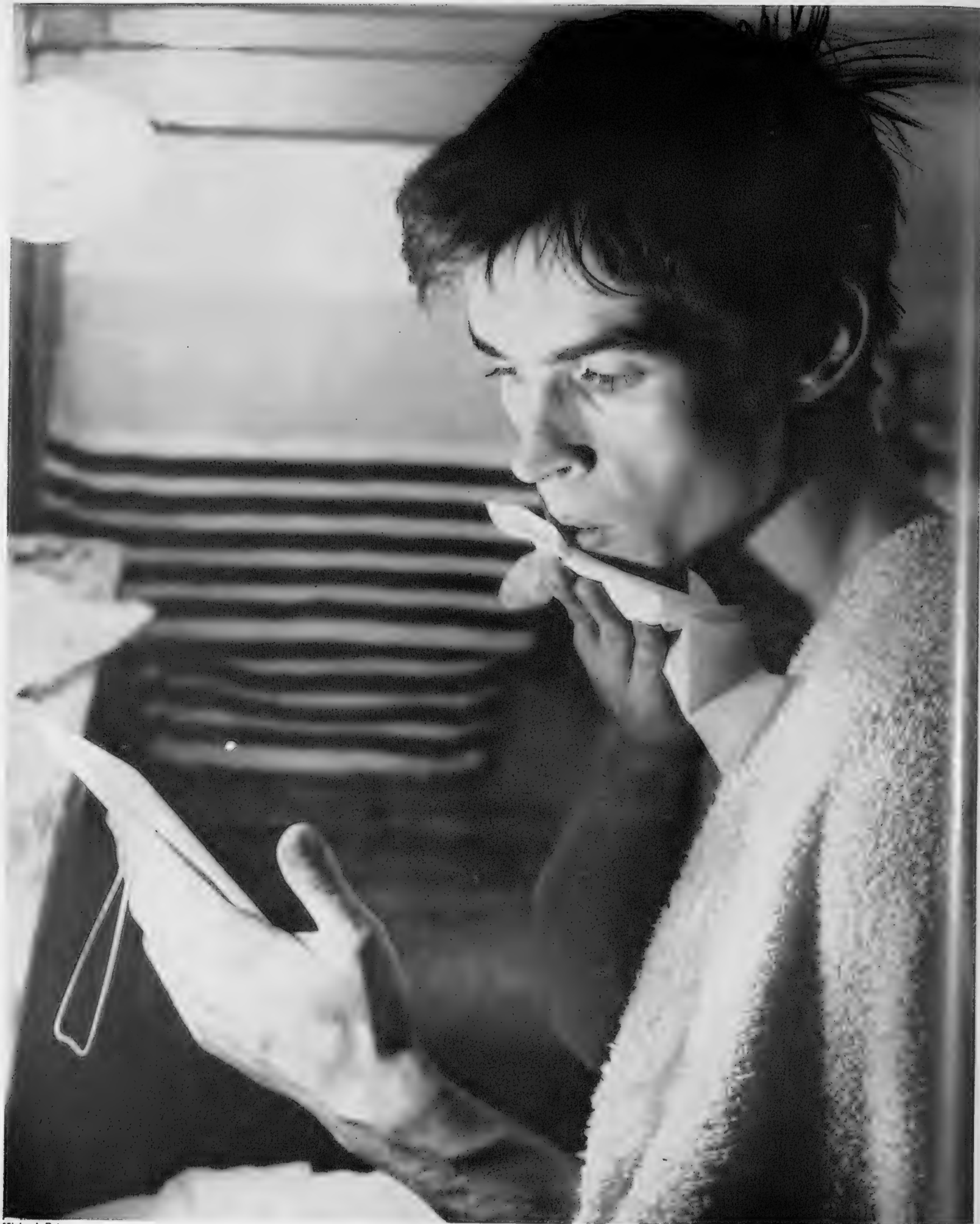




Peter Clark photo

Dyed Russian ermine in a classic design by





Michael Peto

GOING PLACES IN PICTURES

Rudolf Nureyev, the Russian dancer who sought political asylum in Paris while on his way to England with the Kirov Ballet, makes a belated début in London tomorrow topping a bill of international dancers at the Royal Academy of Dancing's Gala Matinée at Drury Lane. Robert Helpmann directs a programme that includes Margot Fonteyn, John Gilpin and stars from Warsaw and Denmark. John Lanchberry is to conduct

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2 TT 1/11



John Baker White

Memories give the savour

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Claridge's, Brook Street (off Park Lane). (MAY 8860.) If I were having dinner with an old and dear friend that I had not seen for a long time, Claridge's restaurant is the place I should choose. Unless you order in advance, the dishes are not particularly elaborate, but the quality of everything is high. The wine list is fine, and the service among the best in London. And there is Luigi, cheerful and charming as ever, with his infinite knowledge of all those little touches that go to make up a really good restaurant. W.B.

Rules, 35 Maiden Lane (off the Strand). (TEM 5314.) C.S. This restaurant, born under Queen Victoria and growing to full stature in the great days of the Edwardian theatre, is as popular today as when I first knew it 40 years ago. It deserves to be, for it has, under the ownership of Tom Bell II, resisted the temptation to make changes in décor while maintaining a high standard of honest English cooking. Your food will cost you round about 20s. to 25s. per head. For the younger generation it is a mirror to the past, for mine an occasion for "Do you remember that night? . . ." Booking essential.

Leicestershire anchorage

Three Swans Hotel, Market Harborough, Leics. (Tel. 2614.) This pleasant hotel is only a few minutes over two hours from London, via the M.1. Skilfully restored to much of its age-old beauty it is just what a country town hotel ought to be. At the back, over what were the stables, is a charming restaurant serving good English food, including

such dishes as steak, kidney, mushroom & oyster pudding. It is deservedly popular and it is essential to book a table if you are not staying. The rooms are comfortable, the lights bright and the water hot, while the staff is friendly and efficient. Manager Mr. L. K. Lambert is proud of his charge, and has every right to be.

Smoked eel by the Seine

Le Petit Châtelet, 39 rue de la Bucherie. (Odeon 17-95.) On the Left Bank opposite Notre-Dame and my idea of the near-to-perfect small restaurant. All the cooking is good. The smoked eel is excellent, the duck or pheasant outstanding. The *patron*, M. Maillard, keeps a sharp and constant eye on all your needs. Allow about 40 New Francs with wine. Booking essential. A step away is the rue de la Huchette, made famous in Elliot Paul's memorable book, *A Narrow Street*. Very different today but a good place to study—at a price—the raw edge of unwashed student life. Full of bars, cabarets and night-clubs.

Wine note

Attendance at a Common Market conference in Paris prevented my attending Lebègue's famous wine-tasting in the cellars under London Bridge, but friends report that it was, as always, a great occasion, all the more so because it is their centenary year. No fewer than 174 wines were set out for tasting, including six noted vintages of the 50s, and even a number of 1960 wines not yet château bottled. There were also some of Burgundy's older and finest red wines.

. . . and a reminder

The Playbill, 7 Beauchamp Place. (KEN 4109.) Closed Mondays, otherwise 7 p.m. - midnight. Original cooking.

Hatchetts, Piccadilly. (HYD 0217.) Recently re-opened as Overtons' third establishment. The Guards Bar is something extra special.

Maurer's, 9 Greek Street. (GER 4639.) Good Alsatian cooking in simple surroundings.

Buckingham Flame Room, 62 Petty France. (ABB 3886.) A small, comfortable restaurant specializing in high quality meat and château-bottled wines.



Douglas Sutherland

On the chemmy-go-round

NEWS THAT **Crockford's** IS TO PERMIT CHEMIN-DE-FER TO BE PLAYED behind its august portals in Carlton House Terrace should certainly help to put the seal of respectability on a game which, after a year of being legal in London, is still regarded by many with suspicion. I suppose Crockford's must be one of the best-known card clubs in the world. The name itself is reminiscent of the spacious Regency days when gambling was the nearest approach to work that any self-respecting gentleman could undertake. Times, one need hardly remark, have changed. Today the average Crockford's member drops in for a game of bridge or poker on his way home from the office, and late night sessions are the exception rather than the rule.

Crockford's new owner, financier Mr. T. L. R. Holland, tells me that though plans are under way to give the club a decorative face-lift, nothing will be done to spoil the atmosphere of the place. The club will open for chemmy towards the end of the year and one of the features will be a "limited bank" table. No player at this table will be allowed to start a bank for more than £10. I regard this as a thoroughly worthwhile idea for, as in most gambling games, the man with the longest purse at chemmy is at an advantage. A limited bank will do much to offset this advantage. The croupiers at Crockford's will be coming over from Le Touquet where, they say, the best croupiers come from. So

many have come over to London from there during the last year that I shall be surprised if the French croupiers' union does not soon start getting as worried as the English Football Association.

And what of the other clubs which started chemin-de-fer with such high hopes about this time last year? Many have gone to the wall but a few have survived and are flourishing. Those in the latter category are in almost every case clubs which had a big existing membership for whom chemmy was provided as an additional facility. Outstanding example is of course John Mills's gaming rooms above **Les Ambassadeurs** and the **Milroy**. Run by a committee it probably has the most consistent business and most evenings manages to keep three tables busy. Then there is that extremely pleasant club at **Three Green St.** where they play chemmy twice a week and which is run by another Pole, Stanislaus Mikula. The Polish community in London indeed seem to have something of a monopoly in this field both as organizers and players.

There is news, too, this week that the old **Islet Club** in Curzon Street is to open soon under new management and with a new look. The restaurant will now have a late night supper licence until 2 a.m. and the upstairs rooms will be devoted to chemmy and baccarat. I must say that I am surprised to hear that baccarat will be played. At the outset when club proprietors were struggling to interpret the Gaming Act correctly several of them took counsel's opinion on the legality of baccarat. The generally held view was that, as the bank was held by a player for a whole "shoe" and the banker had marginally the better of the odds, each player did not have an equal chance of winning within the meaning of the Act. View of Mr. Eugene Grant, the new part-owner and manager at the Islet Club, is that as every player in his baccarat games will be offered the "shoe" in turn and can either accept or refuse, each player's chances will in fact be equal.

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THE TATLER 1 NOVEMBER 1961

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NEW LIFE FOR LONDON CLUBS

LONDON'S clubs are looking to the future with far-reaching plans for renovations, extensions and new facilities for members. Most notable reconstruction programme is that of the Army & Navy whose building in Pall Mall is already festooned with girders. And in the not-so-solemn precincts of the Law Society enterprise has resulted in the establishment of an ultra-modern ladies' annexe. But most committees still face space and membership problems. At the Hurlingham—Capt. R. Rump, R.N. (retd.), the secretary, is seen alongside—a membership ceiling was instituted last spring—and there's a three-year waiting list. For more news of the clubs: Muriel Bowen overleaf

Photograph by Tom Hustler



NEW LIFE FOR LONDON CLUBS

continued

Muriel Bowen reports

FROM NOW TO CHRISTMAS IS THE BUSY TIME FOR CLUBS WITH MORE people using them than at any other time of year. The painting and refurbishing of the summer months is over and crisply worded announcements are in full flower on the notice boards, drawing their varied groups of social, sporting or learned members. On the surface things seem much the same, but recorded in minutes, locked away in ledgers, is the story of a fast-moving social evolution. It may not yet be necessary to put your son down for the Carlton or Boodle's in the same way that you might for Eton or Harrow but the club population—I refer here to clubs that are superb of their type—has a potential far greater than would have been thought just a few years back.

Take **White's**, whose waiting list gets longer every year. It will be 1976 before the most recent additions to it enjoy the good conversation for which the club is famous; 15 years before they can ponder as members the polished wood and gleaming silver which are a feature of the place that started as a chocolate house in the late 1600's. The membership isn't so great by other club standards; about 800 full paying. Even so, White's thrives. Renovations behind that fine old façade in St. James's have been substantial in recent years, but all have been paid for out of current income. No quietly cherished hopes for a legacy to help to prop up a crumbling stairs. *Never* at White's.

At the **Athenaeum**, standing splendidly and perpetually (it is a preserved building) on its corner site on Pall Mall, there is a full house, too. People who would be welcomed as members are still likely to wait several years for an invitation. "Put it this way, some of us are not dying off as fast as people thought we would," Sir George North told me in a voice that finds more humour than food for serious thought in what other people say. That the Athenaeum should be at its full strength of about 1,700 must augur well for Britain's future. Members are noted for their cerebral powers and presiding over them is their most aptly named chairman ever, Sir Russell Brain. A women's annexe is never far from providing controversy. The Athenaeum would have a good excuse for getting rid of theirs when the lease falls in at Carlton Gardens. Instead they are rebuilding furiously beneath the main building, to provide a subterranean ladies' annexe. The Turf was the pioneer in this sort of semi-basement development a few years ago and for prettiness it stands out.

The Prime Minister is a member of the Turf as well as the Athenaeum, Carlton, Pratt's, Beefsteak and Buck's. A Cabinet Minister once told me that he had read this column while waiting for Mr. Macmillan at the Turf.

Pratt's, whose private dining club is owned by the Duke of Devonshire, also has a waiting list of three to five years. More would-be members than the club can take is also the story at **Brooks's**, a club that takes grandeur very much in its stride. Still, too, manifestly proud of and living up to its description: "dining in a Duke's house with the Duke lying dead upstairs." The years, though, have a way of making themselves felt and at Brooks's they soon won't have to use the stairs. A lift is being installed. A curious feature of clubland is the number of club secretaries who are naval men.

The Navy hasn't things quite all its own way, though. Only secretary to shoulder the responsibility of two clubs is Major H. N. Lucas, a Grenadier. He's secretary of both Brooks's and Pratt's. There is a Lt.-Col. secretary to one women's club but generally speaking men run men's clubs and women run their own. Which is not to say that some would not like to switch round; one secretary of a club in St. James's told me it was his ambition to run a women's club. "Think of the scope a women's club presents today," he said. "Besides, I don't think women have ever been successful in managing women!"

A woman who is successful in managing men, however, is Lady Helen



At the feet of Gladstone, Mr. C. Billson, secretary of the National Liberal Club



In the mirrored lounge of the Forum Club, Belgrave Square, its secretary, Miss P. M. Rowley. Below: Among the ruins of the Army & Navy Club, being demolished to make way for a new one, stands the secretary, Lady Helen Barlow



Photographs: DESMOND O'NEILL

Barlow, who has been secretary of the **Army & Navy** for the last eight years. Lady Helen is vigorous, amusing, red-haired, and fellow club secretaries call her "a honey."

"Why don't you come when my chairman, Sir Ian Jacob, is here—he's the big mind in the place," she told me, sounding much less ferocious in the circumstances than I think she would have liked.

The **Army & Navy** has been very shrewd, the club is currently housed in the ladies' annexe while the main premises are pulled down and re-built. The move into the new club ("fortunately it won't be so startling as New Zealand House up the road") is scheduled for the summer of 1963. A purchaser already waiting then gets the annexe for development while the club gets a large capital sum. In the new club each bedroom will have a private bath. There will be ironing rooms and drip-dry rooms and more double bedrooms. "It is felt that a club today is no longer just a refuge for men," Lady Helen said. "People marry younger today and men and women do far more things, like coming up to London, together. We have got to think of the future and it looks like being much more a cock and hen existence."

Where men's clubs provide facilities for women, they are—with two exceptions—being used more than ever. Of course not all clubs provide them. Certainly **White's**, **Buck's**, and **Boodle's** have never contemplated such a step. Most women would agree that there is no reason why they should. Convenience, though, makes a more generous provision of accommodation for women inevitable. Lack of double-room accommodation is financially hitting clubs who need more members. The demand for double rooms which cannot be met comes most often from young marrieds who cannot afford hotel prices. So the **Army & Navy** idea may not be so ahead of its time after all. There would appear to be a growing financial return in giving people more facilities of meeting, as more of them work in London and share living accommodation. A club which would welcome more members has at present 500 young men and 29 women under the age of 30 but they never meet at the club itself. Two prominent clubs don't allow male members to sit in the drawing-room or bar set aside for men to entertain women unless accompanied by one. Any change, though, will be slow. Men on club committees are still fearful of the long-dead mentality of the suffragettes. Also, facilities in men's clubs (or any clubs) are to women of today a matter of convenience rather than something that enkindles any sense of mission. For me, going to a man's club has one really great moment. It is when the head porter says: "Good morning, sir." It is not a case of his being absent-minded. All of them can't be absent-minded. It seems to be the standard greeting for all women who firmly keep a wish-I-could-get-decorating-the-place look out of their eye.

But to get back to the individual clubs. The **United Service** has just repainted its grand staircase. The atmosphere throughout the club is one of imaginative efficiency. The food is good enough to entice members of the Board of Admiralty to lunch there most days of the week; and a professional florist comes in to do the flowers in the admirable ladies' drawing-room and dining-room. Work on the new **Junior Carlton Club** at Carlton House Terrace starts almost at once. The committee has insisted on its being labour-saving, and there will be a number of extra bedrooms. The opening date is expected early in 1963. The **Junior Carlton** was formed with the waiting list of the **Carlton** in 1864 but the name is misleading. A writer once complained about the Earl of Avon (then Sir Anthony Eden) having to dine with the "Young Conservatives" after a busy day. Sir Percy Rugg, then chairman of the House Committee, retaliated by asking the writer to dine with the "Young Conservatives" only to find that Sir Percy's guests were some of the club's sprightly octogenarians.

In fact the **Junior Carlton** is today the most vitally alive of the



On the Nash staircase of the **United Service Club**, Pall Mall, is its secretary, Commander J. C. Allen. *The Battle of Trafalgar*, painted by Clarkson Stansfield, is considered the finest contemporary representation

political clubs. Recently the political committee has been getting new impetus under the chairmanship of Mr. W. G. Clark, M.P., who has put the club's large professional and business membership (armed with a handsome contribution of books from Mr. R. A. Butler) to work on research. Their first report is due at Christmas. Lesser known fact about the **Junior Carlton** is that its ladies' drawing-room, a room of great charm, gets more than its quota of pretty young women. I asked Sir Bruce White, the chairman, how he does on legacies. "They're most generous, our members, but they have not run to legacies," he said sadly. "Perhaps I should put a suggestion about them over the mantelpiece in the new club—it could always be printed in Latin."

The **National Liberal** is also strong in political activity. "You might call this club the pure milk of independent liberalism," Mr. C. Billson, the club's secretary, told me. About one-third of the huge membership is non-political; people who enjoy the convenience of the club and its attractive situation overlooking gardens and the Thames. Quite a lot of reminders of Mr. Gladstone and one plaque of an unfamiliar face in the hall, a man who left the club £30,000 in '06.

The **Naval & Military** (the In-and-Out) has done best of all out of the amalgamations. "I think everybody has settled down very well with us now," Capt. St. J. Cronyn, the jovial Irish secretary, told me. Presently the club is providing a temporary home for the **Royal Thames** until their new penthouse club is built. The **Forum**, the women's club in Belgrave Square, is doing nicely; much used by the professional men in the area for lunch (they are associate members) and by the share-a-flat brigade who want to get-away-from-it-all in the evening. The cocktail bar was extended some time ago with money which a member left specifically for the purpose. Farther afield there is the **Hurlingham**, the most attractive of country clubs, where a rose garden left as a legacy is the latest project. It is probably the only all-age club, right through from teens. This may be due to membership fees cleverly thought out. Since May it has a waiting list, and bearing out what I said earlier it is three years long already!

AT THE BALL. Below from left: Mr. Peter Govett, Lady Thomson, Mrs. Christopher Lampard, Mr. Billy Wallace, Sir Ivo Thomson, Miss Nancy Phillpotts and Miss Jo Thomson. Right: Mr. Christopher Loyd and Miss Patricia Rawlings. Below right: Dr. Brenner Cameron and Mrs. John Ward



NIGHT AND DAY AT NEWBURY

AT THE RACES . . . Lord Porchester . . .

Rear Admiral R. J. R. Scott . . .

Alys Countess of Essex . . .





Tom Hustler

Above: Miss Bronwen Windsor Lewis selling tickets to Sir William & Lady Mount's party



Above left: Mr. & Mrs. David Dick

Left: Lord Patrick Beresford and Mrs. Thomas Dunne

Racegoers danced at the Newbury Race Ball and met again at the course where the October meeting ended with a win by three lengths for the Queen's horse Optimistic in the Autumn Cup

The Earl of Carnarvon with Miss D. Lawson-Johnston . . . Sir Gordon Richards . . .

Mrs. P. Lawrence and Mrs. A. Abel Smith

Van Hallan



AUTUMN TRIALS

Photographs: Van Hallan

Riders from 19 hunts competed in the one-day Hunter Trials of the Portman Hunt at Home Farm and Westbury Farm, Tarrant Gunville, Dorset

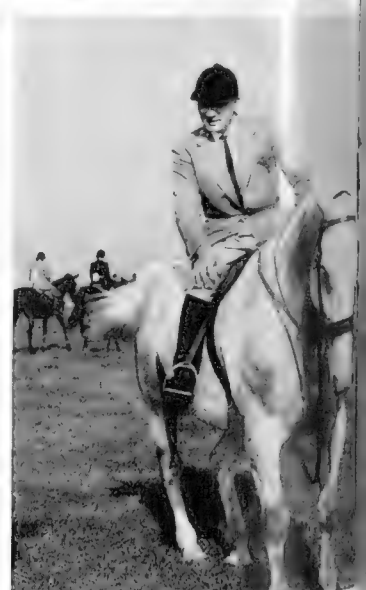
Mr. Frank Terry, Mr. Bill Brake & Major-General R. H. L. Wheeler, the judges. Right: Miss M. Benyon & Miss J. White, both of the South & West Wilts, competing in the pairs event



Miss Jean Lygwood, of the Wilton, & Miss Jane Parry, of the Portman, in the pairs event



Mrs. Denis Crofts on Superman, winner Class One Novice Hunter event



Mr. Jack Wetherall on Gay Whisper

AUTUMN BALL

Photographs: Van Hallan

The Officers' Mess at the Royal Air Force Flying Training College at Manby, Lincs, was given an oriental décor for the evening

Group Captain & Mrs. H. H. Eccles. He is Station Commander at Manby



Flight Lieutenant & Mrs. Anthony Funnell



Lady Hugh Russell, Miss Susan Holroyd & Miss Priscilla Oliver



Group Captain D. H. Seaton and Mrs. E. D. M. Nelson, wife of Air Cdre. Nelson



Surgeon Lieutenant Ian Young, from the R.N. Air Medical School, & Mrs. Young

WEDDING DAY IN WESTMINSTER

Photographs : A. V. Swaebe

Muriel Bowen writes: Traffic chaos was conspicuously absent when Miss **Meriel Burke** married Mr. **T. C. Vance Packman** at St. Margaret's, Westminster. But then the bride's parents, **Sir Aubrey & Lady Burke**, were dealing with the arrangements and he, of course, is a transportation expert, the man who makes the Comets. Instead of having the reception in a City livery hall, as was originally contemplated, the Burkes decided on Church House. This meant that guests having parked their cars were then able to walk to the church *and* then to the reception afterwards. There was none of that corkscrew of taxis (or worse still guest buses) slowly huffing along from the church to the reception.

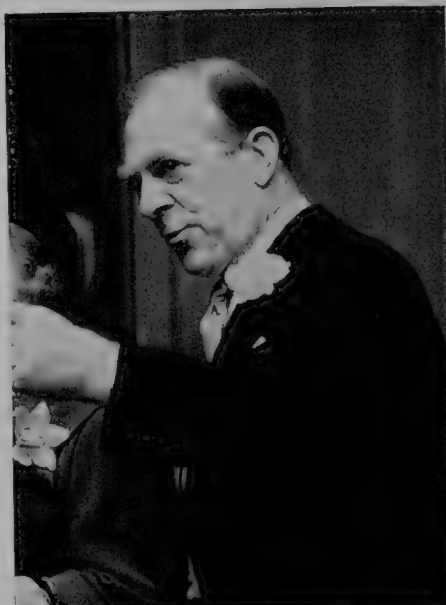
Miss Burke was one of those impeccable brides; not a hair out of place on this grey, gusty autumn afternoon. With her bell-skirted gown of slub silk she had a handsome diamond tiara, a family heirloom which particularly suited her. Her bridesmaids were her sisters, Miranda (just back from some months of secretarial work and a general gallop of sight-seeing in the United States) and Melanie.

Who else was there? The Bishop of Southwell, the Rt. Rev. **Frank Russell Barry**, a much-loved figure in Westminster (he married the bride's parents and christened her), Mr. & Mrs. **C. W. G. Vance Packman**, Mr. **Willoughby** & The Hon. **Mrs. Norman**, Lord & Lady **Aberconway**, and Professor & Mrs. **Norman Feather**. Also there: The Hon. **Lady Norman** (the bride's grandmother,) Mr. & Mrs. **Peter Egerton-Warburton**, Miss **Genevieve Burke** and Mr. & Mrs. **Martin McLaren**. The honeymoon is being spent in Madeira. Then back to their new home, Broadbridge Barn near Burstow.



Mr. and Mrs. C. W. G. Vance Packman, the parents of the bridegroom

Above left: Lady Burke, mother of the bride



Left: Sir Aubrey Burke, the bride's father, at the Church House reception

Spring Sunshine . . .

. . . is where you find it on holiday cruises to points south, east and west presented by

DOONE BEAL

FROM A FRIEND IN MID-CRUISE IN THE AEGEAN came a letter that conveyed something of the breathlessness, something of the inevitable swallowing before one has had time to taste, that is an occupational hazard of touring Greece or, I imagine, Egypt. I quote: "Today we came ashore at Patras then went inland to Olympia—a fascinating trip but *rather* long, with two-and-a-half hour journeys each way by coach and four hours touring Olympia itself. My cabin tiny but quite comfortable, although having paid for a double one so as to have more room was amazed to be shown the extra bunk which fitted into a slot above my own. Heaven help anybody who had actually to share anything this size . . . !"

But if you want to see a lot of anywhere in a short time the kind of situation outlined above

is one for which I can suggest no remedy. A second aspect, though, is of special concern to anybody embarking on a cruise. Prices quoted in most advertisements for cruises are, quite naturally, the minimum. The ramifications of the pricing are too complicated to go into, but they generally start with an inside cabin for two or three (sometimes even four) on a lower deck, and proceed in a rising price spiral to splendid isolation on "A" Deck, complete with private bath. Sometimes, the difference between these extremes is 75 per cent, an example being a gulf of between £290 and £387 on a four-week cruise to the West Indies. Not that the shipping companies make any attempt to conceal this from their prospective passengers, but before you go wild at the thought of a bargain, be sure to check on the



Jamaica's Tower Isle Hotel. See Cruising West

details first: You get exactly what you pay for. It is true that the usual cruise-ship policy is an "all-class" one, by which everybody has access to every bar and all parts of the ship, often rigidly railed-off and demarcated on normal transatlantic and South African runs. But with between two and four weeks at sea and only 10 per cent of the time ashore, the comfort of one's living quarters seems to me to be doubly important. So far as air cruises are concerned (and they are competing in value sharply with those offered by sea) a big price difference between one tour and another can usually be accounted for by the difference between a chartered aircraft or a flight on one of the scheduled lines. Smaller discrepancies generally relate to a choice of second, first or *luxé* accommodation ashore. In the strict sense of the word, a cruise means journeying by sea, with brief calls ashore. For many people's taste they are too brief in relation to the time spent idle on a painted ocean in getting there. An alternative is the "air cruise" which is still a cruise in that it takes in several places at a "blanket" price, but the object has shifted from travelling comfortably in a floating hotel to the business of arriving and getting on with it. Prices aren't so different. The choice is a matter of temperament. Perhaps even more so, one of generation. Culling through what is on offer. . . .

CRUISING EAST: *Hickie Borman's* now famous cruises, with either Osbert Lancaster, Leonard Cottrell or the Lord Bishop of Gibraltar for guide and company, do not start until April 1st. But it is not too soon to book because many people find that so pleasant a means of patching up their classical education is not one to be lightly passed up. The first two cruises (all of which originate in Venice) take in Egypt or the Lebanon, Cyprus and Greece, in 15 days. The third covers the Dalmatian coast, Greece and Turkey, leaving on May 21st.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 331

The Crusaders' Castle, Sidon, Lebanon. See Cruising East





Sunshine is a sure bet in the Bahamas now taking as big a share of tourist traffic from Europe as from America. Palm-fringed swimming pool is at the West End Hotel on Grand Bahama

The yacht Marina at Nassau, port of call for Cunard's Caronia, leaving Southampton on 8 January for Bermuda and Jamaica and leaving her passengers in New York on the 23rd

Colour photographs by A. F. Ker



The minimum fares are under £80, but you make your own way to and from Venice. *Holy Land Tours* have a mixed air, river and rail cruise that leaves London on the 16th January: Flights to and from Cairo are by either BOAC or United Arab Airlines, both using Comets. Accommodation in Cairo is at the Semiramis, and a ten-day cruise up the Nile is in the newly converted royal yacht Khassed-Kheir, ending in Luxor. Rates are between £242 and £272. A similar, slightly briefer cruise leaves London on the 4th March, returning on the 18th, prices £212 to £265. Lastly (though this by no means exhausts the possibilities), *Fairways & Swinford* have a 14-day air cruise leaving London on the 25th November by scheduled airline, including a stay in Cairo and a Nile steamer-trip: Other travel within Egypt is by first-class rail and air, accommodation at Shepheard's or the Nile Hilton. Rates from £259 to £329. Nile cruise cabins with private baths start at £277, which relates of course to the overall cruise cost.

CRUISING SOUTH: Second only to the West Indies, which costs rather more, the Lisbon/Tenerife/Casablanca/Tangier route is a hardy winter annual. *Royal Mail* makes a fair offer to blot out a conventional Christmas with a cruise from the 22nd December to the 6th January, calling at Lisbon, Tenerife, Dakar and Madeira. Rates are from £208, but they tell me that each cabin has a bath or shower and W.C. *Greek Lines*, who specialize on this route, run a series of two-week cruises starting on 19th December and ending 24th April, from £80. They also accommodate people who want to stop for longer at one of the points of call and pick up the next cruise ship to return home, which is an interesting—and desirable—concession. The *Batory* (agents: *Stelp & Leighton*, Fenchurch St.) is another Christmas-dodger: She leaves London on 23rd December, returning 6th January, calling at Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Madeira and Malaga. Average time ashore in each is one day. Cost: from £90 to £200. If you want to escape February—possibly the unkindest month of all—*Canadian Pacific* have a cruise in the *Empress of Britain*, leaving on the 13th, returning the 28th, taking in St. Vincent in the Cape Verde islands as well as the ports mentioned above. Rates from £120.

CRUISING WEST: Among my favourite thoughts are the cruises operated by *French Lines*, because of their delicious food and free wine. Calls are at Guadaloupe and Martinique as well as Trinidad, Caracas, Curaçao, Jamaica, Haiti and Puerto Rico—an interesting confetti of nationalities. Prices from £290 to £387. Six voyages between 29th December and 6th March. *Cunard's Caronia* leaves Southampton on the 8th January for Bermuda (taking a week to get there), then proceeds to Jamaica and Nassau (two days in Nassau) before leaving her passengers in New York on the 23rd January. In many ways this is the best of both worlds: you return from New York in your own time, by air or sea. Cost of the *outward* voyage is from £196. Of Nassau itself I hope to write at first hand in a few weeks. In the meantime,



BOAC, in conjunction with leading travel agents, have some good inclusive tours to it and the West Indies: Examples are 25 days in Nassau and either Eleuthera or Harbour Island for £260; 23 days in Trinidad and Tobago for £265; 24 days in Barbados and either St. Vincent, St. Lucia or Grenada for £261. The normal fare to Barbados is £252, so—as anybody can see—the saving is considerable. All the transatlantic flights involved are by BOAC's Boeing 707 jets. Hotels in either Nassau or the West Indies are first class throughout.

Left: The temple of the goddess Hathor at Denderah. See Cruising East. Below: Quayside at Bridgetown, Barbados. See Cruising West. Bottom: Ruins of the theatre at Ephesus. *Hickie Borman's* cruise taking in Turkey and Greece leaves on 21st May

Spring Sunshine

CONTINUED



AN INDEX TO THE PRINCIPAL WINTER SPORTS RESORTS OF EUROPE

Country and Resort	Height In Feet	Ski Lifts	Max Height Gain	Grade of Terrain	Rating	Hotel Beds	Entertainment	Season
AUSTRIA								
BADGASTEIN	3,445	8	3,796	All classes	First-rate	2,500	Very good	DEC-MAR
BERWANG	4,298	4	800	Beginners	Attractive	300	Simple but gay	DEC-MAR
BRAND	3,150	4	3,120	Med. & beg.	Delightful	300	Dancing in hotel	DEC-APR
EHRWALD	3,267	3	5,985	All classes	Friendly	500	Plentiful	DEC-APR
GARGELLEN	4,692	1	912	Med. & beg.	Sporting	300	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
GASCHURN	3,215	4	2,297	Beginners	Unpretentious	150	Simple	DEC-APR
GORTIHOHL	3,215	4	2,297	"	Small	100	A little	DEC-APR
HOCHSOLDEN	6,857	4	3,438	Beg. & exp.	Good	600	"	DEC-APR
IGLS	2,854	4	3,550	Med. & beg.	Popular	800	Nr. Innsbruck	DEC-MAR
KITZBUHEL	2,503	9	3,937	All classes	First-rate	5,000	Sophisticated	DEC-MAR
LECH/OBERLECH	5,000	6	2,940	"	Very good	600	Plentiful	DEC-APR
LEMOOS	3,264	5	3,000	Med. & exp.	"	300	Simple	DEC-MAR
MAYRHOFEN	2,050	4	4,465	Med. & beg.	Popular	740	Dance kellers	DEC-MAR
MUTTERS	2,762	1	2,500	"	Small	130	Dancing	DEC-MAR
OBERGURGL	6,266	4	2,382	Medium	Sporting	700	Unpretentious	DEC-APR
PARTHENEN	3,369	4	2,297	Beginners	Modest	150	Simple	DEC-APR
SAALBACH	3,291	3	1,982	Med. & beg.	Family	450	Simple but gay	DEC-MAR
ST. ANTON	4,219	8	5,003	All classes	First-rate	1,100	Good variety	DEC-MAR
ST. CHRISTOPH	5,810	3	3,412	Beginners	Pleasant	230	Simple	DEC-APR
SEEFELD	3,872	5	3,018	Med. & beg.	Very good	1,300	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
SERFAUS	4,682	1	1,850	Med. & exp.	Small	220	A little	DEC-MAR
SOLDEN	4,436	4	3,438	Beg. & exp.	Good	500	Simple	DEC-APR
STEINACH	3,438	1	1,969	Med. & beg.	Family	450	Simple	DEC-MAR
STUBEN	4,616	1	3,133	All classes	Unpretentious	140	Simple	DEC-APR
TSCHAGGUNS	2,250	6	3,980	"	Good	200	Simple	DEC-MAR
ZELL-AM-SEE	2,487	7	3,960	"	"	1,200	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
ZURS	5,630	5	2,356	"	Very good	600	Good selection	DEC-MAY
FRANCE								
AURON	5,280	5	2,215	All classes	Very good	150	Nr. Nice	DEC-MAR
CHANTEMERLE	4,380	12	3,700	"	"	100	Simple	DEC-MAR
COURCHEVEL	5,000	13	3,650	"	"	400	Some	DEC-MAY
CHAMONIX	3,450	15	9,035	Expert	First-rate	1,000	Plentiful	ALL YEAR
MEGEVE	3,650	13	1,969	All classes	Very good	230	Casino, dancing	DEC-MAR
MERIBEL	5,276	5	3,553	"	Good but small	200	A little	DEC-MAY
MORZINE	3,280	7	2,570	Med. & beg.	Family	800	Some	DEC-MAR
VAL D'ISERE	6,070	13	3,300	All classes	First-rate	800	Plentiful	DEC-APR
GERMANY								
BERCHTESGADEN	2,250	7	1,260	All classes	Very good	1,000	Plentiful	DEC-APR
GARMISCH-PART.	2,160	16	6,240	"	First-rate	5,000	Very good	DEC-MAR
OBERSTDORF	2,529	7	5,058	"	Good	1,600	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
REIT IM WINKL	3,600	7	1,900	"	"	600	"	DEC-MAY
ITALY								
CAREZZA	5,280	3	1,740	All classes	Good	595	Some	DEC-MAR
CERVINIA	6,724	8	5,816	Med. & exp.	First-rate	1,161	Good	ALL YEAR
COLLE ISARCO	3,600	—	—	All classes	Good	753	Some	DEC-MAR
CORTINA	4,100	13	3,440	"	First-rate	3,203	Extensive	DEC-MAR
SESTRIERE	6,666	10	2,280	"	"	1,403	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
NORWAY								
AAL	3,610	1	—	All classes	Sporting	239	Simple	DEC-APR
BULKEN	1,000	—	—	"	"	126	"	JAN-MAR
FINSE	4,010	2	2,400	"	Very good	177	Dancing in hotel	JAN-MAY
GEILO	2,625	3	860	"	"	529	Plentiful	JAN-APR
LILLEHAMMER	1,000	3	1,950	Medium	Good	657	Some	JAN-APR
SIRDAL	1,800	—	—	All classes	Small	74	Simple	JAN-APR
OPPHEIM	—	1	—	"	Pleasant	46	"	JAN-APR
SELJESTAD (Solfonn)	3,420	1	—	"	Sporting	100	"	JAN-APR
VOSS	—	1	1,100	"	Medium	336	Some	JAN-APR
MJOLFJELL	2,060	1	—	Touring	Sporting	128	Simple	JAN-APR
SWITZERLAND								
ADELBODEN	4,439	12	1,982	Med. & beg.	Family	1,000	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
AROSA	5,610	5	2,966	All classes	First-rate	3,000	Very good	DEC-APR
ANDERMATT	4,711	3	2,989	Med. & beg.	Good	350	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
CHANPERY	2,430	5	2,822	All classes	"	300	Simple but gay	DEC-FEB
CHATEAU D'OEX	3,128	5	2,820	Beg. & exp.	"	550	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
DAVOS	5,052	14	4,144	Med. & exp.	First-rate	5,000	Plentiful	DEC-APR
ENGELBERG	3,280	7	3,980	All classes	Very good	1,500	Reasonable	DEC-APR
FLIMS	3,543	5	5,315	"	Good	900	Plentiful	DEC-MAR
GSTAAD	3,450	9	2,925	"	First-rate	800	Very good	DEC-MAR
GRINDELWALD	3,300	4	8,230	"	Very good	1,200	Good	DEC-MAR
KANDERSTEG	3,858	5	2,050	Med. & beg.	First-rate	1,000	Reasonable	DEC-MAR
KLEINE SCHEIDEGG	6,762	4	5,188	All classes	Good	175	Simple	DEC-MAR
KLOSTERS	3,908	6	4,084	Beg. & exp.	Very good	1,200	Good	DEC-MAR
LENK	3,504	3	2,790	All classes	Family	350	Simple	DEC-MAR
LENZERHEIDE	4,840	5	2,969	"	Good	800	"	DEC-MAR
LEYSIN	4,757	5	2,353	"	Family	3,500	Plentiful	DEC-MAR
MURREN	5,413	4	1,640	Beg. & exp.	Very good	600	Good	DEC-APR
PONTRESINA	5,820	6	3,400	All classes	"	2,300	Plentiful	DEC-MAR
ST. MORITZ	5,900	7	3,885	"	First-rate	4,500	Sophisticated	DEC-MAR
SAAS FEE	5,873	4	3,501	Beg. & exp.	Very good	1,000	Reasonable	DEC-APR
SAMEDAN	5,769	1	—	Beginners	Family	350	Nr. St. Moritz	DEC-MAR
SILS MARIA	5,896	1	—	"	"	325	Simple	DEC-MAR
VILLARS	4,111	12	2,779	Beg. & exp.	Very good	1,400	Good	DEC-MAR
WANGS	1,900	5	4,800	All classes	Good	190	Simple	DEC-APR
WENGEN	4,180	5	7,143	"	Very good	2,500	Plentiful	DEC-MAR
WENGERNALP	6,145	4	5,188	"	Good	50	Simple	DEC-MAR
ZERMATT	5,266	9	5,910	Beg. & exp.	First-rate	2,600	Very good	DEC-APR

There are also first-class winter sports resorts in Sweden, Spain and Yugoslavia, while good ski-ing can be enjoyed in a variety of regions not covered by this essentially abbreviated list, including the Cairngorms in Scotland

THE MAN

THESE ARE THE MAIGRET MONTHS. WITH TWO NEW novels just published, and the television series revived, indications are that Georges Simenon's French-speaking inspector is as popular in England as any of our indigenous creations. Hamish Hamilton publish four Simenon-Maigret novels a year. The two latest—*Maigret Afraid* and *The Widower*—bring their total to 13, but this is just a fraction of Simenon's literary output. To date he has written more than 450 novels under a variety of pseudonyms; translations run into at least 23 languages. The man behind Maigret lives at the Château D'Enchandens near Lausanne in Switzerland. He has four children, allegedly the largest French poodle in Switzerland and a wife who is, he says, "three agents and six lawyers." Madame Simenon, a 45-year old French Canadian, negotiates all Simenon's contracts single-handed. Her husband's sales total more than a million copies a year and one contract netted £500,000 from a single Maigret deal.

In Inspector Maigret, Simenon has created a detective who is more than a mechanical acrostic-solver, who is, in fact, a fully rounded human being. His appearances—in the comfortable form of Rupert Davies—on British television have won him countless fans, the majority of whom have probably never read a word of French or know anything about French police methods. It is Maigret's humanity that scores, not his techniques.

Simenon works for exactly 60 days a year. "For the other 305 I just laze, play golf and thoroughly enjoy myself," he claims. But there comes a time when Simenon seems to be stricken with a malaise. The golf clubs are set aside and Simenon retires to his den with its selection of 250 pipes, and produces another novel. He remains undisturbed; "nobody, not even my wife, has seen me write a word," he says.

At 58, Simenon is one of the world's wealthiest and most prolific writers of detective stories. He began work at 16 on a Belgian newspaper at Liège. "Money doesn't mean a thing any more," he comments. "I have all I need."



BEHIND MAIGRET

Photographs: JACK ESTEN



Nobody has seen him write a word. Simenon works in monastic seclusion in his red and cream den for 60 days a year. Right: morning stroll for two-year-old Marc. The company of his children is Simenon's great pleasure during his fallow months



Simenon's large poodle, Mister, chases a cat up a telegraph pole. Mister is the writer's constant companion, but angry cat-lovers of D'Enchandens have threatened to shoot the dog if they catch him killing a cat. Left: A do-it-yourself human body kit is useful for reference when Maigret deals with a medical case. Riveting, too, for 11-year-old Johnny





Georges Simenon and his wife Denise in the grounds of the Château D'Enchandens



Madame Simenon keeps her husband's huge library in order. There are hundreds of books covering every subject, especially the medical



Simenon uses six of his 250 pipes each day. They all come from London, as do the six varieties of tobacco that he mixes himself. His wife cleans the pipes and keeps him supplied during working periods. Right: Madame Simenon negotiates all contracts and business deals. Here she dictates the day's letters. Two full-time secretaries are also employed



Above: jazz session for Simenon and Mister. Players are Madame Simenon, Johnny and eight-year-old Marie-Jo



When I was ski-ing in Russia

by Lord Kilbracken

I AM NOT ONE OF THOSE WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS who acquire little badges saying DAVOS/PARSENN, or KITZBÜHEL, or CORTINA-DOLOMITI, complete with the appropriate heraldic device, to sew on the sleeve of their ski-suit. The idea, of course, as with the old gambit now seldom seen of having your suitcase plastered all over with multi-coloured labels, is to impress the casual onlooker with the implied extent of your travels and experience, though we all know that in fact it proves nothing of the kind. You can acquire a badge saying WENGEN without ever leaving England, just as you can purchase an impressive row of medal ribbons (or medals) at any pawnbroker's, with no questions asked as to your entitlement to them.

However, if I *did* go in for this particular form of line-shooting, I think it would be a more effective ploy in my case to wear a single badge, specially manufactured, of a seldom-visited resort where I have in fact skied, instead of half-a-dozen from well-known centres which everyone knows about. Its design would incorporate a red star, or perhaps a hammer-and-sickle, and the legend would read, simply: VAENGA, U.S.S.R. You've never heard of Vaenga? Then allow me to enlighten you.

It is a small naval outpost, on the shores of the Kola Inlet, some distance to the northward of Murmansk. I arrived there, on board the escort carrier Nairana, on 14 February, 1945. I can give the exact date without reference to my log-books, because I remember that I composed an ironic Valentine which we sent on arrival to all the ships in our convoy, whether R.N., M.N., or U.S.N., who had opened fire with unpleasant accuracy on aircraft in my squadron (including my own) in the unfriendly and inexplicable belief that we were enemy. On those famous Russian convoys (of which I had occasion to remind Mr. Khrushchev when he became, in conversation with me, rather too anti-British) the merchantmen would go to the head of the inlet, to Murmansk itself; but the men-of-war would disconsolately drop anchor at Vaenga, and stay there for anything up to a week or more, till the merchantmen had discharged their cargoes and were ready to sail for home.

I say "disconsolately" because Murmansk, for all I know, may have offered some distractions, however elementary, for the storm-tossed mariner on an evening ashore. At Vaenga there was nothing; it was far worse than Scapa. There were no civilians at all, and you couldn't get so much as a meal; there were a road and a railway, it's true, connecting it to Murmansk, but they were both under 10 feet of snow at the time, which detracted from their usefulness. Most of those who bothered to go ashore did so only to be able to say that they had set foot in Russia; or else to buy large blocks of unused postage stamps—there was a post office but no shops—which could be sold in

England at a very handsome profit, especially if you paid for them with duty-free cigarettes.

Well, naturally, my own thoughts turned to ski-ing. There were one or two difficulties. To begin with, in that extreme northern latitude, the sun in February only deigned to put in an appearance for two or three hours each "day." There would be long periods of twilight at dawn and dusk, but the temperature was so alarmingly low before sunrise and after sunset—up to 70 degrees of frost—that it really wasn't funny. Furthermore I hadn't any skis; they did not form part of the usual sea-going equipment of a pilot of the Fleet Air Arm.

I got over this trouble, however, on my first sortie ashore. The Russians were all on skis, but only because it was their normal method of getting from A to B, and I was inhibited by my complete ignorance of their tongue, apart from anything else, from asking them to lend me a pair. After some hard bargaining at the post office—which, I found, also supplied the basic necessities of life such as bread and sugar and tea, just like my local post office at Kilbracken, but nothing else—I looked in at the R.N. headquarters in the town, where a small permanent staff of unfortunates was maintained, and a co-operative two-striper promised to do his best for me.

I returned next day with half-a-dozen shipmates: none of them had ever ski-ed before, but I had cleverly talked them into giving it a try so that I would have some moral support. My friend, we discovered, had found three pairs of skis—the long, narrow Russian ones—and an assortment of sticks and boots. Having divided them as best we could, we made our way laboriously, to the amazement of our gallant allies, to the top of a deserted hillock on the outskirts of the town. We then spent an hour or two taking it in turns to fall down it and climb to the top again. The Russians came out and stood in little groups and they all roared with hearty laughter, in which we heartily joined.

We had plenty of fun and only one disappointment. We had taken the precaution of bringing with us a bottle of brandy; when we gathered to consume it at the top of the hill, before our final descent in the twilight, we found it had frozen solid—into a bottle-shaped, inextricable block of light brown ice. A most aggravating variation for Tantalus! So we returned to the ship unfortified. Next day, and the day after, we ventured forth again, and I almost got my christies going. And then we sailed for home.

If you are trying to decide where to ski this winter, I don't think I can honestly *recommend* Vaenga; it's probably radioactive by now anyway. With or without a little badge to sew on your sleeve, it may well be impressive to be able to start a sentence "When I was ski-ing in Russia"; but getting there is the least bit expensive, unless you can wangle a free passage as I did.

Mountain PILOT

photographs by Vernon Stratton



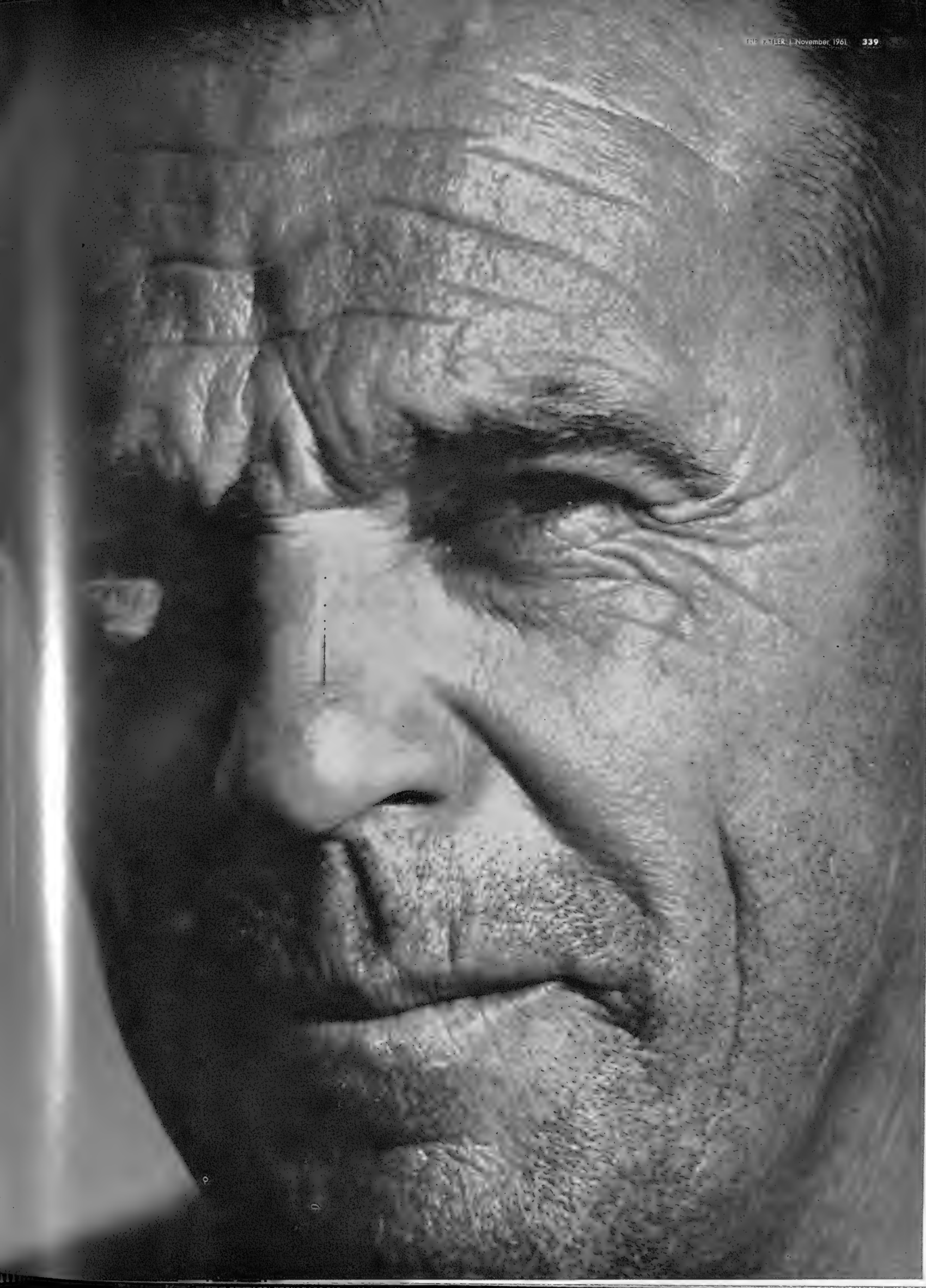
HERMANN GEIGER has been peak-hopping in the Alps by plane and helicopter for more than 35 years. His mountain rescue work has made him a national figure in Switzerland and he is probably the world's most famous small-plane pilot. Geiger says that his team rescues about 150 men a year from the mountains. At one time it often took days to rescue an injured climber from a crevasse, a skier with a broken leg, or people trapped in a cable car disaster. Geiger can fly them to Sion hospital in three hours or less. For this work he uses his one helicopter, which is also used for landing near small mountain chalets where he collects batches of cheese and delivers

wood. There are always jobs for his fleet of small planes and team of six pilots. The latest was to fly photographer **Vernon Stratton**, plus two models and cases of clothes, from Sion in the Rhône Valley to Monte Rosa, 10,500 feet up, for this week's fashion section (see *Glacier gadabouts*, page 346). More usual commissions include taking businessmen to Geneva, ferrying skiers from peak to peak, towing gliders and, in the summer, spraying vineyards. Geiger's base, the Club Aéronautique at Sion, consists of two hangars and a chalet. Here Madame Geiger deals with desk work while 14-year-old Pietro Geiger checks and refuels the planes in preparation for a career similar to that of his father.

MOUNTAIN RESCUE: *Light plane, light stretcher and team for high altitude recovery.* Right: MOUNTAIN PILOT: *Hermann Geiger*



MOUNTAIN TRAVERSE: Above left, a Geiger plane skirting crags. Centre: Mountain landing, touch-down on a glacier. Above: Mountain team. Geiger with his wife who controls operations at the Sion base handling desk work and hundreds of phone calls daily





GLACIER



COURCHEVEL

Far left: Beginner's luck—easier to look graceful on the nursery slopes in well-cut anorak, printed with tangerine, blue and green. Good investment prices: hooded jacket 11½ gns. and blue worsted and Helanca pants 12 gns. at Lillywhites

PHOTOGRAPHS: VERNON STRATTON

GAD-ABOUTS



ST. MORITZ

Left: Cresta Run spectator—or how to stand out in a crowd. Hooded white anorak, scalloped in grey and cuffed in white wool. Reverses to plain grey. Price 11½ gns. and matching grey Helanca and worsted pants about £15. Both at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

VAL D'ISÈRE

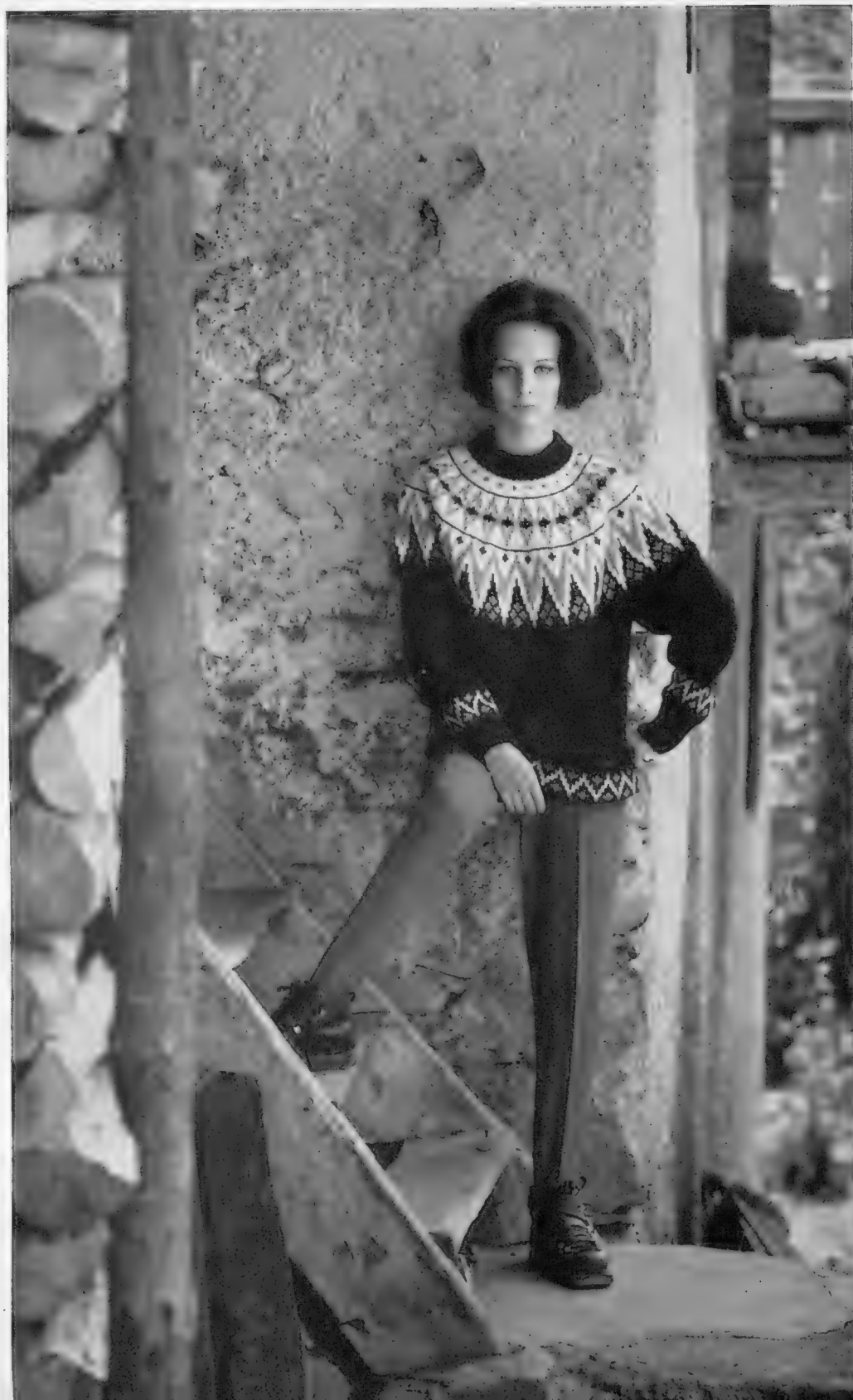
Above: Love at first sight—or how to clinch a ski-ing romance. Hooded black anorak reverses to black and white wool, designed along with black and white wool top. Top worn loose to hip length and goes on to après-ski. At Harrods, 50 gns.

ZERMATT

Rugged sweater. Essential part of any mountain holiday kit. Here with a sporty polo neck and knitted in snow white wool or yellow, turquoise and brilliant red. From Jaeger, 7½ gns.

KITZBÜHEL

Winter survival kit: traditional Norwegian sweater in charcoal, knitted with mustard and white pattern. Sweater and lean pants at Gordon Lowe. Sweater: 8½ gns. Pants: 11 gns.





CORTINA

Tea dance special: tailored and glamorous. Grey stretch pants, snappily tapered and worn with matched top, plus immaculate shirt in pale blue silk. Pants 12 gns.; top 8 gns.; shirt 5½ gns. from Ski Shop branches of Jaeger





WENGEN

Cable car clothes: prettiest girl wears black and white houndstooth check suit, made from Helanca and worsted. Top zips up the back with neckline banded and cuffs inset in white. Pants have built-in half sock to prevent them riding up; small pockets are found directly under waistband. Obtainable at Harrods, 25 gns.

